

Some murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue.  
And some with thankful love are filled,  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy gild  
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied;  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How love has in their aid  
(Love that not ever seems to tire);  
Such rich provision made.

R. C. French.

## HARRY WARING'S FORTUNE.

"I advise you to think less about your ancestors, and more about posterity," said old Lady Waring to her son Harry one bright June morning.

At the moment she uttered this epigram her son was busy with some ancient records which he had recently unearthed in the library of the British Museum, and which he had caused to be copied for study at his home in the country. Harry was a bachelor, his family was not of the richest, though there was no more honorable or ancient name in the county. But he was a younger son, and studiously inclined, and there seemed little prospect of his marrying.

Lady Waring had often recommended him to make his addresses to some of the heiresses of the county. There was Georgiana Belassys, the sweetest girl; "and I am sure, my son, she would rather take you poor than the richest suitor she has." In short, Lady Waring was set on a match; but her son shook his head, and said, "I am too proud to court an heiress, and too poor to marry a pauper," and there the argument would stop, for Lady Waring well knew the somewhat perverse disposition of her younger son, and avoided urging the subject of marriage. Harry Waring had reached his thirtieth year, and seemed further than ever from marriage. "I am married to my books," he would sometimes say. Indeed, to see him surrounded by his antique tomes, you would have thought him wedded to Morocco and parchment, a true predestinate bookworm.

He had hobbies in study, each one lasting several months or a year at a time, and engrossing him completely while it lasted. Then he would take the fancy to travel; and he would leave home almost without saying good-by, and no word would come from him for weeks; then Lady Waring would receive some such message as this from her trunk:

MALTA.

"Am here for a fortnight doing the history of the Knights. Will write you next from the Coptic monasteries in Abyssinia."  
Or,

CONSTANTINOPLE, 5th.

"Busy with measurements of the Hagia Sophia. Back on the 30th."

So, between his books and his travels this whimsical younger son of Lady Waring led a decidedly unsettled life, while his elder brother, Arthur, had a charming little wife, but they were childless; and the circumstance made old Lady Waring the more anxious that Harry, her only other child, should surround himself with a family of his own. We have all heard a great deal about the maternal instinct; but what I may call the *grandmaternal* instinct has not been described as fully as the frequency and importance of the passion merits. With Lady Waring this instinct amounted to a passion. She could not bear the thought of dying without leaving any grandchildren behind her.

So when she saw Harry just home from rummaging the libraries of the monks on Mount Athos, content to sit low in his own library and collate his Grecian notes with his British Museum records, Lady Waring could not refrain from drawing a long sigh as she saw, for the hundredth time, that her son thought more about parchments than about posterity.

"Don't be alarmed, mother," he returned, looking up from a transcript of mediæval heraldic record. "I have told you that I am not rich enough to court an heiress, nor poor enough to marry a beggar; but I have had some thoughts of my own about marriage of late."

This was a remarkable admission for Harry Waring to make.

"I hope they are favorable ones," returned Lady Waring.

"Certainly they are not unfavorable, my dear mother," said bachelor Harry, given the right conditions and I shall be ready to marry, or, at least, to go a courting," added he, a little ruefully.

"And do you find any help toward the right conditions in your study of the heraldic record?" asked Lady Waring.

"That's my secret, mother," said Harry. "But I have found enough in them to send me over to France for a fortnight. We shall see what shall come of it. I am off to-day very early, and as soon as I have news to tell you I will write, or, more likely, come myself and bring it."

"Another trip after parchments?" thought Lady Waring; but she made no objection; it was Harry's way to come and go thus unceremoniously, as I have said. In what way a fortnight's absence in France could possibly be connected with a change of heart on the part of Harry relatively to the subject of marriage was a quite insoluble question to her. She simply said:

"Well, take care of yourself, Harry, and come back as soon as you can." And Harry made his adieu; then he went to his elder brother, and was closeted with him for an hour; but he reached town in time for the noon train to Dover, and before night he was landed safe in Calais.

Shall I tell here what it was that rough Harry Waring to Calais? On

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

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the whole, I think it will be better simply to record what he did. Perhaps some of my readers have divined his secret already. But I will give a clue to the mystery by reminding them of what they know already—that Calais was for more than two hundred years an English possession, and that finally it was retaken by the French under the Duc de Guise in the year 1558. Among the forlorn band of five hundred Englishmen who then garrisoned the town was an ancestor of the Warrings, a man of wealth, who had spent the better part of his life there, and who fell during the final assault. His former residence, now in the poorest instead of the better part of the town, as it was three hundred years before, had been long in use as a hotel of the second-class. To this hotel Harry betook himself, with a very definite and important plan in his mind. A single servant accompanied him.

It was a quaint, spacious, tumble-down rookery of a place, such as the traveler in any old French town will find in the more ancient quarters. It did not look very promising in the way of comfort and neatness, but it had every appearance of being well patronized. Harry Waring doubted whether he should be able to find any place in it after all.

The landlord bustled out into the spacious court-yard to meet him, and feared that he could not accommodate him suitably. There was, to be sure, an attic chamber, indefinitely high; but a milor would not think of taking that? And the Frenchman smiled inwardly at the odd taste of the stranger in coming to his hotel at all, while he cursed, also inwardly, the fate that had just inveigled him into letting his best rooms to a pair of commercial travelers, and at a shamefully low price.

Harry Waring, on the other hand, had much ado to conceal his satisfaction at finding the nearest foothold in the old hotel. But it was important not to awaken any suspicion of his object. "I am sorry," said he, "that you have nothing better to offer me than a sky parlor. But 'tis my whim to come to your hotel. I love to get away from those modern buildings; and perhaps you can give me a better apartment soon. Meanwhile I shall busy myself in studying your old city."

The landlord hoped to accommodate; meanwhile he would take every pains to make his room comfortable for his guest.

"Stay," cried Waring, who had been closely scanning the court-yard during the dialogue, "I will tell you what monsieur shall do if he pleases. He shall build me a little pavilion on this side of his court-yard, where the sun shines. There I shall carry on my studies, like the hermit that I am; my servant shall take care of the room and of my books, and I will pay you roundly beforehand for gratifying an Englishman's whim."

This proposition caused M. Heritier to shrug his shoulders more actively, perhaps, than he had ever done before. What a radical, a revolutionary, an unheard-of proposition! "But those Englishmen are capable of anything," reflected he. "A milor does not come to this old place every day—no not every three months. Doubtless the milor is as rich as he is odd. I shall not be the loser."

There was a long debate over Harry Waring's proposition. "We will see what can be done," said M. Heritier, finally; and the result was that the next morning Harry Waring was overseeing a gang of carpenters who were preparing to put up a box fifteen feet square in the old court-yard that had been unchanged in external appearance, except by decay, for more than a century. Great was the curiosity manifested over the Englishman's whim. All day long the do-nothings of the hotel peered out of their windows at the workmen; there was some growling, indeed, over the pounding and hammering that went on, but "milor" had made ample satisfaction beforehand to his landlord, and on the whole I think M. Heritier's guests were more entertained than annoyed by the extraordinary performance in the court-yard.

While the carpenters were at work Waring established himself comfortably in his sky-parlor. His principal anxiety now was to get the early occupancy of his room in the court-yard. He had taken little interest in the construction except to hurry it on. Since the location of the new structure had been determined he divided his time between his books and strolls in the country. It was afterwards remembered, however, that in the selection of the precise spot for his little building, Harry Waring had been almost unreasonably particular. Nothing would suit him but that it should be placed exactly here, and not there, to get the sunlight such and such an angle; a foot to the right or left would not answer. M. Heritier could not see what the Englishman wanted of the sun in the summer time; for his own part, he was glad enough of the shade in June or July. "What a droll of a creature!" he would exclaim to himself. It must be that he is touched in the brains. But that is no matter as long as I have his money."

So Harry Waring's new quarters were made ready for him as soon as possible. The room was neatly furnished, but he refused half the articles that the land-

lord proposed to bring, saying that the less furniture the better his whim would be suited. His baggage, consisting of three stout leather trunks, was moved down stairs, and precisely a week after he had left home Waring found himself established in his new quarters, built to order, in the old hotel which had been the home of his ancestor. He found himself, too, firmly established in the reputation of being crazy. All the people in the hotel spoke of him, among themselves, as the insane Englishman, and people came from the distant parts of the town to see with their own eyes the building which this inexplicable lunatic had caused to be put up. But Waring kept the peace with every one, and seemed well enough satisfied with his reputation for madness.

The method of that madness, however, he was very careful not to reveal. For his latest researches had convinced him that his ancestor, who died in the defense of Calais about three hundred years before the time of his visit, had converted his whole fortune, a considerable one for the time, into gold, and had buried it in the court-yard of his mansion, the identical hotel in which Harry was now staying. More than this, the obscure anagram which he had found among the genealogical papers of the British Museum he thought he had deciphered. That anagram defined the precise place in the court-yard where he should expect to find the long-hidden treasure. It explained, too, the comparative decay of the pecuniary fortunes of his family. Here, without doubt, the money lay; and it was this that he had come to seek. If he had not mistaken the anagram, here he would find his fortune. His last hour before leaving home he had given to an interview with his brother, in which he explained all his reasons for thinking that the ancestral treasure still lay safely buried in Calais. Arthur Waring had laughed at him. "Do you think a Frenchman would let gold lie buried right under his nose for three hundred years?" said the elder brother. "He would smell it out the first year. But go and search. You are welcome to all you find. I shan't claim an ounce of it."

It was a moment of no little excitement to Harry Waring when he found himself locked in, with his trusty servant, Grubbs, over the little spot of earth, where, three hundred years ago, his fortune had been buried. His trunk contained the necessary tools for removing the floor and excavating the earth; and this the stalwart Grubbs commenced at once to do.

Great caution was necessary, in order that the sound of the work should not disturb the people of the hotel. If Harry had made a true interpretation of the old anagram, the treasure lay under the southern half of his floor. Little by little the servant pried up the planks upon that side. Waring bored a minute peeping hole through each of the four sides of the room, whence he could watch the court-yard and discover whether his movements were suspected. So slow was the work, on account of the noiselessness with which it had to be carried on, that it was midnight before the half of the new floor was torn up, and the solid tiling of the court-yard exposed again. Grubbs, who knew what he was expected to find, and who had none of the latent doubts of success that would sometimes assert themselves in his master's mind, was all for going on with the work. "Loikely enough, sir, we might get at the money before morning," said he. But Harry Waring had not been a student to no purpose; he knew the risk of sleeping over freshly uncovered soil, and he sent Grubbs away to his attic, telling him it would be time enough to-morrow to begin digging.

The next day, as may be supposed, was an anxious one for Harry Waring. He took his customary morning walk, but left Grubbs on guard within; the rest of the time he watched himself, fearing to leave the room empty lest the secret should be discovered. The next night work began as soon as it was dark; and being in the ground, it went on much faster than the night before, because it made less noise. The flagstones were pried back without much difficulty, and Grubbs was soon going through the earth like a mole.

And he found the treasure! Packed in iron boxes, not more than five or six feet below the level of the court-yard, lay the golden crowns which Harry Waring's ancestor had buried here at the siege of Calais. There was no question of counting them then; how to get away with them unnoticed was the problem. Fortunately there was an early boat to Dover. It would not do to call a *voiture* and leave suddenly at 5 a. m. But Grubbs volunteered to carry the trunks one by one to the landing, where an official would watch them for a small fee. The three trunks proved, as Waring had calculated beforehand, the most convenient means of getting away with the money. A strong man can carry about 250,000 in gold at a load. Grubbs was a giant; and I think that the trunkfuls of French crowns that he bore successfully that night to the Calais quay contained a fortune that was nearer £40,000 than any other round number. "It is

not enormous," said Harry, as he saw the last trunk deposited safely on the quay, "but it will do for a second son, if added to what little he has already. What a pity the family has lain out of the interest of it for so long a time!"

Harry left his new apartments, I fear, in a state of dire confusion. He locked the door when he went away, just as the first sounds of human life began to stir in the old building. No one entered it until night, when M. Heritier became alarmed for his crazy Englishman, and began to fear he had committed suicide "after the manner of his countrymen."

Getting no answer to repeated blows and calls, he finally broke open the door. "Mon Dieu! the mad Englishman has made a tomb of my premises, and buried himself in it!" was his first exclamation. And Heritier looked with a shudder into the pit which yawned in his court-yard. Nothing was to be seen there but the rusty shells of three iron boxes. But on his table he found a *rouleau* of old French crowns addressed to him, and a note saying:

MY DEAR M. HERITIER:

"Many thanks for your courtesy in accommodating me in your court-yard. I came to seek the little sum left me some time ago by one of my ancestors. I find the old *écus* of a very fine pattern, and I leave you a *rouleau* in testimony of the distinguished consideration with which I have the honor to be, etc."

The Frenchman's state of mind was a study for a psychologist for the rest of that day. But Harry Waring was already safe at home in England, leaving no address behind him.

That very evening he called on Georgiana Belassys to tell her the story of his romantic good fortune. I think old Lady Waring was right about that young lady's preference for Harry. At any rate, their betrothal was announced a few weeks later. They were married in September, and I have always believed that it was a union of hearts as well as of fortunes.

Harry became an admirable domestic man, and has not been to Mount Athos or Constantinople once since he was married. He haunts the British Museum at intervals, for he is still fond of genealogy. But old Lady Waring has grandchildren now, and Harry is their father. And he is so fond of them that old Lady Waring has never again urged him to seek less about his ancestors and more about his posterity. *Harvard Weekly.*

## Middle-aged People.

If youth has more brightness and animal spirits, middle age ought to possess full compensation in the larger toleration, patience and charity, which later life should bring. Those who regret the loss of youthful energy and physical strength should rather dwell upon what they have gained in mental power and endurance. They are more able than the young to make the best use of every gift and opportunity they possess, while each year adds to their experience. Time, however, only mellows the best things; while the finest wine is improved by age, the weak and the poor turn sour by keeping. Miss Thackeray says that another advantage middle-aged people have is, that they are become used to their bodies—at home in them—and know what can be expected from them. Middle-aged persons have twice the motive for living for man's good and God's glory that the young can have, because they have had so many more mercies and blessings, and have so much longer taxed the infinite forbearance and long-suffering of the Most High. To them, as the Jews, belongs the exhortation, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee and to prove thee, and to know what was in thine heart." To the Christian, middle age should be as much happier than youth, as is the traveler who has accomplished half his homeward journey than he who has just set out. Is it not rather heavenish to talk of "down the hill of life," on the "shady side" of thirty, forty, fifty years of age? Say, rather, up the hill to the heavenly city—it is the sunny side of the decades which is nearest the heaven of the Sun of Righteousness. It must be our own fault if middle age is not, like the fruit, warmth, and peaceful beauty, and beneficent to all around.—*Leisure Hour.*

A citizen of Hartford, Conn., has a Bartlett pear tree which is a natural barometer. On one side of the tree is a crack or seam extending to the ground, a distance of about six feet. In winter the seam opens or partly shuts, according to the temperature, while in the summer it closes tightly. Friday morning, when the thermometer marked zero, the crevice opened fully half an inch; but Saturday morning, with the thermometer at 20 degrees, it had closed to one quarter of an inch. In extremely cold weather this summer-tight seam will open an inch.

A bank burglar in Maine, recently released from prison, voluntarily stayed in a month over his time, in order to earn some money with which to make a new start in life.

## Winter.

Stern silence sits within the groves  
Where feathered songsters trilled their loves,  
And no sweet hum from insect's wing,  
Recalls the music of the Spring.  
The bare, disrobed, and mourning trees  
Are shuddering in the wintry breeze,  
Telling their troubles to the stars—  
From careless Jupiter to Mars—  
Content, like man, to pine and plain,  
Though heed not by sky or main.

The earth lies bound by icy chains,  
The girdling rivers cease their strains;  
The piercing cold, the leaden sky,  
The furious clouds all hurrying by,  
Betoken, to our human cost,  
The advent of that demon frost,  
And, as we shivering mortals know,  
The downfall of a world of snow;  
In vain our wintry garbs we bind,  
For what can keep out cold and wind?

Then comes the thaw, the glaciers bend,  
And avalanches swift descend;  
The crystal waters flow and fall,  
The streamlets to the rivers call.  
The rivers rush with seaward flow,  
Scattering rich blessings as they go;  
And earth puts on her robes of white,  
Whilst falling snow refracts the light;  
And mortals draw around the fire  
And tell old tales that never tire.

The woods put on their solemn dress—  
The garb of truth and righteousness—  
And ghostly trees in saintly bands,  
Lift up to God their holy hands,  
Like heavenly chorists above,  
Who sing of Christ's redeeming love!  
Sole to sing, while Winter reigns,  
That song divine, whose blisful strains  
Can raise our spirits from the sod  
To holy fellowship with God!

—T. B. Drindley.

## Letter from Louisiana.

BALDWIN, La., Dec. 20, 1874.

MR. HUMPHRIES:—As you have probably heard of the riots of Vicksburg and New Orleans, I will give a couple of "sportive" incidents only. Perhaps, from due courtesy toward Southern civility, I should write *accidents* instead of incidents, as these pastimes—playing at football with life—are indulged in with such indifference to consequences or right, that the observer feels challenged to call it anything but innocent playing with edged tool, and bad results, accidents, if he dare.

I suppose pussy would be astonished to have you take a mouse from her claws, and read her a lecture on the taking of innocent life. She would listen as well as she could, no doubt, but the only regret you could arouse in her feline mind, would be over her delayed meal.

Uncle Sam may scold, whip or otherwise quicken this aristocratic, secession spirit among the people for a time, and they, when obliged to listen, will make a virtue of it, seeming to expect commendation. As soon as the switch is out of sight, however, they turn the more eagerly to their prey because of the enforced respite. Doubtless the cats claws hurt the mouse each time new wounds are made; but if the mouse understood Darwinism, it might dignifiedly stand on its tail and return thanks for the short relief, the chance to pant and bleed. The colored people's rights would make as good a support from which to resist oppression, or pour out their gratitude to the United States, as its tail for the mouse to make obeisance from. They ding so, you see.

You may think it poor taste to use the term aristocratic, as I have. It is the simple truth. This people have so long been waited upon, had but to speak to be obeyed, have breathed a social atmosphere tainted with much that is congenial to royalty, that there is less repulsion felt towards aristocracy than republicanism. You doubt it? Well, I can't prove it, but come here, witness the bearing and hear the sentiments of the Southerner by birth, and you will be convinced. Northern residents here do not hesitate to say that if the Confederacy had survived its birth, it would have become a lustrous aristocracy, unless the people tore each other to pieces while selecting rulers.

Guess I had better hunt up my items and stop wandering. Our friends from Ohio, while traveling through Mississippi, were treated to a scene a little harsh for Northern nerves. While waiting at a small village, a commotion outside led one of the party to reconnoitre. He saw near the depot two negroes hanging by the neck, and a third one being hauled up, while standing and sitting around were white men and boys, who were laughing at and deriding the dying men. He asked their crime, and was told: "Killed a white man;" but he had no means of finding out the truth. Allowing it to be true, they were no less fearful to enjoy the agony of the poor wretches, and of their friends who were groined together praying and mourning.

"Only a dead nigger," means something here. It is part of our religion. Who needs a better key of character? Overlured God, slavery may have been thought to bring a blessing to Ethiopia, but as it brought its own punishment to this people, so also the curse has fallen back upon them. Woman-whipping, and the selling of their own flesh and blood, (none the less theirs because a shade darker,) have not had a refining

influence. Licitious indulgence with their slaves has brutalized many of these men; yes, the most of them; and women, compelled for generations to accept such indignities from husbands, brothers and fathers, have lost the sensitive shrinking from such grossness.

Franklin has given us another topic for comment, though it soon loses its interest here. About two weeks ago the sheriff was summoned to the door one evening by a rap. At a caution from his wife he waited for the second one, then raised a side window and called out, "Who's there." Immediately a pistol shot was fired, barely missing him, and passing over a bed, close to the cheek of a sleeping child. The would-be-murderer was not recognized; probably he was the hired tool of some disappointed office-seeker. No arrests have been made.

I have seen a few of the species of dogs formerly used in slave-catching. One day while riding I met two of them, with a man, returning from a hunt for strayed cows. One look at the dogs, sent a chill over me, and I pitied the poor cow, whose quick step, dilated nostrils, and watchful eye showed her fear. The dogs are short-legged and heavy-bodied, with large, round, ugly heads. Their faces are almost human in expression, as if the revengeful, murderous passions of man had become embodied in them. They ran before, keeping near the cow, now and then looking back to their master as if waiting for orders, and I never saw a human face ask a question without words as distinctly as these dogs did.

While hunting for vines a while ago, I stepped into a planter's yard. While walking around with my hostess, I spied a peculiar looking vine growing over a fence near some outhouses. Unnoticed by the lady, I went towards them, when "Take care! my dogs! my dogs!" startled me, and a glimpse of a savage looking head tightening a chain in my direction, hastened my retreat.

She kept three such dogs. I asked, "Dare you let them loose in the house?" "Oh, yes; but I don't often."

"Do they ever show ugliness towards you?"

"They growl sometimes; but I take a stick at them. They know their masters."

"How do you manage at night?"

"Let them loose in the yard, and no trouble unless a cat comes in."

"What do your neighbors do if they wish to see you in the evening?"

"Stay in their boats on the Bayou and holler us out."

"But suppose a stranger or a friend from a distance should come, would they tear him?"

"Yes'm, they would."

"Will they track a person?"

"Yes'm. Our boy ran away last week, and we gave a dog a shoe to smell, and he tracked him twelve miles through the woods, with my man trying to keep up on a horse."

I'd as soon take a cut-throat into my house to keep out others. That's what I call a new application of counter irritants.

Did you ever see a boat-store? I mean one built upon a scow. We have them here, also picture galleries, that keep shifting around upon the lakes and bayous of this water-veined region. Neither are good, yet much better than one would expect to find on the nomadic plan. The oyster boats are frequent visitors during the winter. The oyster-beds are in the gulf, and the bivalves are brought here through Berwick Bay, into the Atchafalaya river, (pronounced Shaf-ah-lee) then into Bayou Teche. These streams are more convenient highways than the public roads, as each plantation has its warehouse and landing-place, and usually the "large house" is near by. Scows often pass with furniture and family aboard—the latter comprising pigs, chickens and babies—looking for a place to live or stay. Most of these colored families stay, not live.

I forgot my "dishrag" while writing my last. They never are in place when wanted here, any way. The vine which bears this unsoppy name, loves to climb fences and over doors. It has a large, coarse leaf—pretty from a distance—a blossom somewhat like that of a pumpkin vine, and its green fruit resembles a coarse-skinned squash much elongated. When dried it loses its white pithiness, and its cellular tissue shrinks into a coarse fibrous mass which will absorb water like a sponge. It is used to wash dishes, scour knives, tables, &c., is quite useful and wears well.

Who wouldn't keep house down here, where dish-rags, beds, fans, dippers, &c., grow, besides nearly everything needed in the larder. Tools for farmers grow also. At least, all our haying was done with one iron fork for pitching, and forked branches cut in the woods. I hardly think Dame Nature the inventor of many of the farming implements. They are no credit to her if she is, neither would it detract much from man's genius to yield them to her, for many of them look as if they were left behind when Noah went into the ark, and had a hard time through the deluge.

Dec. 28th. Thermometer at 71°. Our winter so far has consisted of a few cold days, thermometer at 48°, a few gray,

still days, like yours before a snow storm, and, most disagreeable of all, we have had rain for the last two weeks with thermometer at 70° nearly all the time. Such warm, damp weather uses all one's reserved strength, and if you have none, you feel as if your stock was near fatal exhaustion.

In October an army of worms covered many of the trees with gray webs, and ate all the leaves. In November the gum trees and a few others dressed up in fresh green, and what they will do for a new suit when spring comes I can't tell, unless Jack Frost helps them. There is an apple tree before the house that blossomed and bore fruit twice during the summer, then the worms stripped it, and now it is again covered with new leaves and blossoms. Flora must tingle while here, I think, as she seems less methodical than at the North. Force of example you see. Her elves and fairies are a spirit-loving people I believe.

Do you think from this that I erred in calling Nature stagnant in one of my effusions? If so, a winter visitor would probably agree with you. It might have been better taste to complain of the immobility of the old lady's phiz. These slow, lingering seasons are so different from our positive changes North, that vegetables, growing in and out of season, and these exceptions I have named, do not spoil this, *my impression*, that the earth is so lazy it *don't* have time to tuck itself under the snow and take a nap, if it would bring the heavy crops in time. When I notice these freaks of vegetation, I feel like looking to see who is tipping the frog pond. Spring and summer are on hand every time. But summer dwales about and cheats autumn; and autumn in turn "lingers" in the lap of winter," petting the silly old beau out of half his property, and when he turns from the coquette with tears freezing upon his cheeks, spring steps up and steals them to wash out all traces of his presence.

L. S. Mosher.

## Willing to Oblige.

A very prepossessing young lady, canvassing for a popular book, stepped into the office of a real estate broker in Springfield, Mass., the other morning, and finding the broker apparently at leisure, asked him to look at her book. The gentleman politely informed her that it would only be a waste of time, as he could not purchase it. "O, never mind that," ejaculated the vivacious young woman, "it won't cost anything to look at it, even if you don't buy. I should like to have you read some portions of it and see what it is. The accommodating broker took the volume, and glancing at the title page, commenced a perusal of the introduction. This finished, he began at the first chapter and read carefully and leisurely along. It was about nine o'clock when he commenced, and an hour passed silently away. Then the book agent began to exhibit signs of nervousness, apparently unnoted by the broker, for he never raised his eyes from the volume, but read steadily on. Eleven o'clock came, and the lady began to walk rather smartly about the room, glancing occasionally out of the windows. At noon the broker was still reading, and the agent wore a decidedly troubled countenance. A few minutes before one o'clock the broker laid the book down, leisurely donned his overcoat and hat, and remarked blandly: "That is a very good book. I am sorry that I cannot read more of it, but I am obliged to go to dinner. If you will call in this afternoon I will read some more of it."

## What Ear Wax is For.

Dr. Dis Lewis, in one of his lectures, while he was addressing the boys singled out a red-headed little fellow, and asked him what the wax was in the ear for. He said he selected a red-headed boy because red-headed boys are generally the smartest. The boy stood up and said he did not know. The doctor would not take such an answer. If the boy didn't know, he must tell, at least, what he thought the wax was in the ear for. "Well," said the boy, "the wax is in the ear because—because—because it wants to be in the ear."

He questioned another boy, who claimed distinction by having a red head, and his answer was that it kept the passage to the drum moist. That was correct; but it had father uses. Ear wax is a deadly poison to insects and its presence in the ear effectually protected the ear from insects. It sometimes accumulated and became hard, causing partial deafness, but a little warm castor-oil, mixed with spirits, would remedy that, or an injection of soap-suds.

## Biblical Curiosities.

The Springfield Republican remarks that some people will be surprised to learn that the word "its" is not found in our English Bible; and more people still, the Chicago Advance asserts, would be surprised if their attention were called to the circumlocutions and awkwardness to which our translators were obliged to resort on account of the lack of the word, which had not at that time been developed in the English language. They were obliged to use as substitutes for it "whereof" and "thereof," and especially "his," sometimes to the extreme confusion of the sense; and in one memorable passage they were compelled to change the gender altogether, passing from "it" to "she," on account of the impossibility of carrying on the translation without the possessive of "it," which they did not possess. The passage is in the eighteenth Psalm; and the exigencies of the translation, going from "it" to "she," and back again to "it," almost destroys a wonderfully fine allegory.

A bad habit to get into—a coat that is not paid for.







Silence.  
When smitten, then dost feel the rod,  
Be still, and leave thy cause with God;  
And silence to thy soul shall teach  
Far more than comes from outward speech.  
When secret arts and open foe  
Conspire thy peace to overthrow,  
In silence learn the hidden power,  
Which saves thee in that bitter hour.  
Doth not thy father take thy part?  
Doth he not know thy bleeding heart?  
And when it seems that thou wilt fall,  
Doth he not feel it? bear it all?  
Make no reply, but let thy mind  
In silent faith the triumph find,  
Which comes from injuries forgiven,  
And trust in God, and strength in Heaven.  
—Christian Union.

Who Was He?

In the summer of 1871, I had occasion to visit P—, on some business for the firm with which I was connected. P— was some fifteen miles away, and is one of those small towns we frequently come upon in the Eastern States, existing mainly in themselves, rarely showing a decrease in population and seldom an increase. It is situated on the shore of a lake at a point where the body of water is narrow, and on the opposite shore, the land for miles is rocky and very dangerous of approach except when the water is calm. There being little to tempt the settler, this belt of country has not a house in any direction within a mile or more. I arrived at P— just before sundown, and after transacting my business, was pondering whether to stay till morning or ride back home by daylight over a tolerably good road. Just as I had concluded I might as well be going, I noticed two men come out of the hotel, and stand a few minutes in animated conversation with their fingers, then separating walked away. Something in the gait of one of them struck me as familiar, and I rode past him bestowing a keen scrutiny on his face as I did so, but it was a countenance entirely new to me; I could not recollect ever having seen it before. I was desirous of finding out all about him, especially as his face was no common one, nor was his general appearance. He was evidently one of the herculean race of men, but so finely proportioned as to be at once of interest and admiration. Returning to the hotel, I put up my horse, and having ascertained that a deaf-mute of his appearance had been sojourning there for a couple of weeks, sat down on the piazza to await his return. Presently he came in, and walked up to the office where the clerk handed him a letter, which he eagerly read. When he was through, I introduced myself, and we were soon in quite a conversation. His name was William Harvey Homer, and he was some twenty-five years of age. The more I talked with him, the more I became interested; he was very intelligent, using but few signs but these were graceful, and brought to my notice more, I suppose, to let me know he understood pantomime than from any necessity of its use. For he was a fluent talker, using the manual alphabet with the utmost ease, never halting to find an appropriate word, and innocent of any embarrassment. Was he educated at an institution, I inquired? No, but he had visited several; he had been taught by a private tutor, who had been his constant companion from his eighth to his twentieth year, and I observed that he spoke of him with a degree of sadness fully explained by the announcement that he had been for the last two years in his grave. What did he do? Oh, not much; whenever he was with his uncle, he made himself useful in his counting-room. He wrote for the papers sometimes, was a great reader himself, and liked a fast horse. Where did he live? Nowhere in particular, he was more of a cosmopolitan than anything else; liked New York in the winter months, but might find himself anywhere in the country during the summer or fall; was not rich, but independent and loved to see the world. Had he ever been in this locality before? No, he had stumbled upon this out of way town quite by accident, and charmed by its rural life, had prolonged stay from mere curiosity—he was going east the following day.

We talked on for perhaps an hour more, changing the subject very often, but what is recorded above is the sum total of all I know of him. Looking back, while I write, I regret that I did not obtain something to enable me to keep track of him.

We had been talking about a couple of hours all told, when we noticed quite a commotion among the by-standers, and on inquiring the cause, were told that there was something wrong down on the lake shore, and looking in its direction we could see the flashing of lanterns, and an evident hurrying to and fro of the holders thereof. The crowd in the hotel was rapidly thinning, men and boys were running towards the lake, and we followed. We had scarcely got out, before we felt the effects of a sharp breeze, and when we got to the shore we could see it was blowing a gale. The lake was lashed into foam, and the waves beat furiously against the rocky shore, sending up clouds of spray and deluging those who were near enough.

The cause of the gathering at this untimely spot, and in such darkness, we soon discovered. A young girl of sixteen, the daughter of one of the leading men of the town, had been alone in a light rowboat just before the gale arose, and being at some distance from the shore, no one could tell whether her frail craft had been instantly capsized, or whether she was still afloat, borne hither and thither in momentary danger of being dashed upon the cruel rocks on the other side. Suddenly during a lull in the storm, a faint cry came over the waves; it was repeated once, twice, fainter each time but affording a surmise of its locality. "A boat! a boat!" came from a hundred throats, and one was soon found. But the hundred held back, life was dear

and it seemed almost madness to venture out in such a fury of the elements. The agonized father would have gone forth alone, but he was infirm and feeble and stout arms held him back. A young man sprang forward into the boat, her lover doubtless, but he alone was quite impotent to breast those waves. A tall form soon joined him; he seized the oars; the lover, the helm. They disappeared in the darkness, and only the faint ray from their lantern assured the trembling group on shore that they were on the lake, not under it.

I looked around me, my friend was gone. So it was; Homer had entered the boat, he was rowing to the rescue. I looked lake-ward and suddenly from the opposite shore on a mass of rock, there burst out a sheet of flame, the sudden kindling of some high fire. It lighted up the scene in the near vicinity and we saw two boats together, ah, how near the rocks they were! Suddenly as it had arisen, as suddenly the flame died out, and all was again in darkness. It seemed an age before the lantern light appeared on the water, but it came; it looked as if some one was swinging the lantern over his head, then all was black and dark again. The minutes seemed hours, the suspense was fearful; men rushed to the easiest landing place about them and held their lanterns together so that the many lights would blend into one, and form a beacon to guide those they scarcely hoped were alive to see. But one, at least, was alive, and was toiling, struggling manfully. The boat at last came, and ready hands pulled it high on the shore. Homer stood up, how grand he looked! and handed out a senseless female form—it was that of the young girl; he lifted out another equally senseless—it was the form of the lover. A hundred hands were extended to grasp that of the hero; a hundred voices were lifted in his praise, but he heeded not the one, nor heard the other. I took his arm and we returned to the hotel; he was quite exhausted and soon retired. The next morning I sought him, but he was gone; he had left to catch an early train the landlord said, and this had to satisfy the father of the rescued girl as well; he came over to express his gratitude to her preserver.

You ask me about the strange, sudden light on the opposite shore. It is a mystery that no one that saw it has been able to explain.

William Harvey Homer is a name I have often thought of, and doubtless it dwells in the thoughts of others. Sometimes I think he was an impostor; but this is wrong, why should he counterfeit the deaf? Rich, independent, strong, intelligent and manly, he had no reason to seem what he was not. Often have I blamed myself for letting him go so suddenly. I would glory in his acquaintance and friendship. But who was he? KOUFONEIT.

New York Institution Notes.

(From an occasional correspondent.)  
Thinking you might like to know how Christmas was spent at the Institution, I thought I would write and tell you, especially as I knew after the late severities of sickness that have kept all the friends of the pupils and the institution in a state of anxiety, you would all want to know how we fared.

First I must relieve your mind regarding the sick by saying that, with the exception of those who died, nearly all have recovered, but two being still quite ill. Notwithstanding the late cloud that hung so threateningly over us, we all enjoyed Christmas, for then the cloud was fairly lifted, and we could all really enjoy such a merry holiday. First, when the little ones awoke in the morning, they found that the good old Saint had been around, and filled each of their little stockings with toys, &c. All day the little girls could be seen going joyfully about hugging their prettily dressed dolls, and showing their toys to each other, and each little "mother" thinking her own darling the prettiest and best of all. The little boys also had their share of the good old Saint's attention, and rejoiced in the ownership of new balls and other boyish treasures, which they enjoyed fully as much as their more fortunate little brothers who dwell outside of the Castle of Silence. While the little ones were enjoying their gifts and their nice dinner in the prettily and tastefully decked dining-room, their older friends were busy getting up more amusements for their especial benefit. And after supper the mystery of closed doors and absent faces was fully explained, when they were agreeably surprised by being called into the chapel, where busy hands and willing hearts had been working all day getting up tableaux and charades, the curtain rising and closing on four different scenes, which were in the following order:

- I. The Family represented by Miss Meigs and Mr. Nelson and five of the younger pupils. The scene represents an old-fashioned and cozy sitting-room, with the mother, (Miss Meigs,) in an old-fashioned dress and specs on her nose, knitting on one side of the table, while the father, (Mr. Nelson,) in dressing gown and slippers and also specs on his nose, sits reading the news. On the other side of the table, both parents looking at the children, who are busy playing on the floor with their Christmas toys. At last both come forward and explain to the children the working of the toys.
- II. Charade (doughnuts) represents:
  - A lady, (Miss Kate Hammond,) making bread.
  - A boy, (A. Thomas,) cracking nuts.
  - A table with a plate of doughnuts, near which a lady and boy are standing.
- III. The Siamese Twins, represented by Mr. Currier and Mr. Nelson as the twins who are first seen standing together and then passing through the operation performed that is to separate them, but only results in the death of both.
- IV. Country Courtship Scene, which represents a pleasant room in a country house during the evening, and a gaily dressed country girl, (Miss Kate Ham-

mond,) sitting by a table peeling apples. When her bashful lover attempts to overcome his bashfulness, and at last gains courage to call her attention by touching her, the mischievous girl returns the compliment by throwing apple peelings at him, and at this moment the old mother, (Miss Hammond,) in ruffled cap and specs, who had been watching him, rushes in and scolds him furiously for daring to address her daughter.

V. Tableau, (Topsy and Eva,) which represents Eva, (Bella Fisher,) sitting by the side of Topsy, (Miss Davis,) trying to teach her to read. Eva's face shows her earnest desire to improve her little colored friend, while Topsy looks as if all her efforts to resist her mischievous inclinations are vain.

VI. Tableau, (The Four Seasons of Life,) represented as marble statues.

1. Spring, a little girl, (Jennie Williams,) in the springtime of life, with her hands clasping the remains of the daisies with which she has crowned her fair young head.
2. Summer, a young girl, (Mary Gloyne) just budding into womanhood, whose face and attitude show that her dreams of life are as bright and sweet as the roses that deck her radiant brow.
3. Autumn, a woman, (Miss Lizzie Murphy,) in the prime of life whose strength and beauty are at their height. Her head is decked with autumn leaves and grapes, while one hand holds her apron loaded with all the delicious fruits of the season, grapes, pears, peaches, &c.
4. Winter, a woman, (Miss Maggie Barry,) whose trembling feet have passed in too rapid succession through spring, summer and autumn, and now travel all too rapidly the downward path which, in the winter of life, leads to the grave.

Much credit is due to those who got these tableaux up, for all was done quickly and well, and though chiefly designed to amuse the children, the young and old all enjoyed it very much. After the amusements in the chapel, all the pupils, boys and girls, assembled in the girls' sitting-room, where a treat awaited them in the shape of apples, oranges and candies. After playing awhile they separated for the night, all, no doubt, feeling that they had enjoyed a very Merry Christmas. C.

New York, Dec. 28, 1874.

Boston Notes.

(From our own correspondent.)  
BOSTON, Jan. 2nd, 1875.  
DEAR JOURNAL.—Yesterday afternoon your correspondent was so unfortunate as to get the "Leavee" on the brain, and forthwith he dressed himself up in his "Sunday go-to-meetin's" and posted off for Boston, stopping on the way at Salem, where he was obliged to wait half an hour for the down train. Not relishing the idea of being cooped up in the depot, even for that length of time, he lighted his cigar and strolled out to see what modern Salem had to boast of, he being mindful all the time of the fact that ancient Salem unblushingly boasted of a lot of witches, which the good people of the town butchered without giving them time to say their prayers, and with a satisfaction only equalled by the pious clergyman of old, who hung his cat on Monday for having been so exceedingly wicked as to catch a mouse on Sunday. Your correspondent looked about him as if expecting to be pounced upon by the departed spirits of the aforesaid witches, and curiously enough narrowly inspected every house that bore an ancient aspect, very much itching to ask the question: "Is that the house?" Just then it occurred to him that these evil spirits might be at that moment hovering over his head with the diabolical power of bewitching him, and he puffed so vigorously at his cigar that the volumes of smoke, which he fondly imagined would effectually ward off the spirits, would do credit to any steam engine. Congratulating himself that his head was all right, and that he was bullet-proof against such evil influence, he returned to the depot just in time to stop aboard the train. Not until the conductor came in and called for tickets, did he discover that he was on the wrong train. It instantly flashed across his mind that he had been bewitched by the Salem witches and he told the conductor so, at which he grinned. He said something more, but as the words were performed with the smell of brimstone, it will not do to repeat it here. The train stopped at a small town called Beverly, and your correspondent tumbled out, where he was obliged to wait two mortal hours for the down train. Meanwhile he reflected upon the various mistakes in general which he had frequently made in traveling over different railroads and the mistake he had made on this occasion in particular. The thought struck him there and then that the young men at the levee would be there early before he could get there, and he fairly groaned in spirit. He had one consolation, however, and that was, he satisfied himself that Salem and not he was to blame for this miserable blunder. In due course of time the train for Boston picked him up, and by seven o'clock in the evening, he was winking hard at the glare of the gas-lights which lighted up the rooms of the Library Association where the levee was held, and where a vast assemblage of deaf-mutes, old and young, rich and poor, married and single, black and white, pretty and homely, were talking and otherwise amusing themselves to their hearts' content. Your correspondent never took any prizes in mathematics while at school, but he had no difficulty in asserting that the number present was between 150 and 175. The banquet was ready at 10 o'clock, but previous to taking our seats at the table we witnessed a pantomimic entertainment, which consisted of several disjointed acts and scenes, the chief merit of which was that they were singularly destitute of any merit whatever. Some of the actors proved that they had the right stuff in them to make capital ones, provided they had

the time to devote themselves to the business.

After the entertainment, we marched into the dining saloon, where our supper was spread. Your correspondent obtained a seat by the prettiest woman that graced the banquet with her presence. At the end of the table sat an old gentleman who declared it was necessary to have some wine to assist digestion, but as none was to be procured for love or money, he was obliged to content himself with coffee and tea, and then for a variety he ordered tea and coffee. Supper over, we adjourned to the Library Hall, where for hours afterwards all went "merry as a marriage bell." Some of the young men, doubtless conformed to the sentiment expressed in the following words, "Come, let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," as they adjourned to some place where a kind of slow poison was procured, and partaken of in such liberal quantities, that when they returned to the hall they made themselves conspicuous by the singularly upright and graceful manner in which they walked around, and by the delicious fragrance of the aforesaid poison. Shakespeare was not such a wise man after all when he wrote, "Oh! that man should put an enemy down his throat to steal away his brains!" for he should have known that some people have no brains to be stolen away.

Here, in the hall, we remained from evening till midnight, and from midnight till morn, managing to live and keep wide awake, although not a few slumbered and slept on the benches in blissful unconsciousness. By eight o'clock in the morning the hall was nearly deserted.

DICK DEBLOCK.

Washington County Notes.

Mr. John A. Hall, of Whitehall, gave a Christmas party at his residence. The occasion was happily arranged to afford some deaf-mutes in this county a good opportunity of meeting their deaf-mute friends at his farm house. Several of the mute residents of this county happened to be far from each other, but their absence in no way affected the enjoyment of those that remained and spent two days in the substantial pleasures of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hall's fine home.

The following are some of those that attended the party:  
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brownell, Mr. and Mrs. Darrow, Mr. T. Hall, of Sandy Hill, Messrs. Geo. H. Bristol, Charles Sweet, Sam. H. Kee, Miss H. E. Reed, and others. S. H. K.

Rome's Contemplated School.

(From our own correspondent.)  
The committee appointed to make arrangements for establishing a school for deaf-mutes at Rome, had a meeting on Friday, Jan. 8th, at 3:30 p. m., to consider what additional plans should be adopted and to see how far the subscription fund for the purpose amounted. Your correspondent being notified of the same, took the cars for Rome, to scratch on paper the proceedings thereof for the benefit of the readers of the JOURNAL, and especially for those interested in the project.

Mr. Huntington, the Chairman, for many years our fellow townsman, extended to us a hearty welcome, and gave us the privilege of looking over the letters received from gentlemen connected with the cause.

The meeting was something of an hour's duration. Hon. C. Comstock, of the committee, being out of town, there was not much transacted, as he is considered the most essential man to push matters ahead.

The wealthiest citizens of Rome were present, and Mr. Jarvis, also of the committee, took occasion to address this assembly in regard to the many benefits the city would in time derive from such a school. After this address a sub-committee was appointed to engage a suitable hall for a public meeting to be held on the 15th of this month, and at this meeting, if we understand rightly, Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, and Prof. Johnson will be present.

The subscription fund up to date amounts to three thousand and one hundred dollars (\$3,100) and as much more is desired before active steps can be taken.

The committee also resolved to push the subscriptions ahead so that after the meeting of the fifteenth they may appeal to the Legislature for an appropriation.

Everything looks like a school, and Rome will have one before long. Sr.

Sunny Side Social Club.

How THIS RISING CLUB OF BROOKLYN WAS ORGANIZED.

On the 25th day of March, 1874, the Sunny Side Social Club was organized. There were at that time only six members, namely: W. A. Bond, T. J. Godfrey, F. Klingman, W. E. Schlenck, H. Elliott and F. Streiner, who began the work. On the evening of the 25th, these members assembled at the house of Mr. W. A. Bond, and here they drafted the constitution and elected officers. At midnight the six members had a "little" collation to partake of. After this, they adjourned to Mr. Bond's parlors, and there it was resolved that each man pay 25 cents a week. This was done, and before October they had contributed about thirty-six dollars. On October 7th they gave their first invitation party. Before October and during the summer days there was no club room, or furniture. The party given in October was for the purpose of opening their club room, and up to that date, the members numbered only nine. After the party five more joined us, and now we have an elegant room well furnished and the number of members is up to 14. The room is open from six o'clock in the evening every day, Sundays included. The follow-

ing officers were unanimously elected on the 25th of March: T. J. Godfrey, President; F. Klingman, Vice President; W. A. Bond, Secretary; W. E. Schlenck, Treasurer; H. Elliott, Sergeant-at-Arms, and F. Streiner, Assistant. CHEAURAMONTI.

News of the Week.

The Pope has blessed Alfonso and his mother.

Two Protestant newspapers have been suppressed in Madrid.

At the Inter-Collegiate Contest, prizes in oratory were won by John C. Tomlinson of the University of New York and Walter D. Edmonds of Williams. The Prize Essayists were Allen Marquand of Princeton and George H. Fitch of Cornell.

Mr. Irwin says the largest sum he paid to any one man to secure the Pacific Mail was \$275,000. On Thursday he was brought before the bar of the House, and refusing to answer questions put to him, was committed to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms to be confined in the common jail of the District of Columbia until such time as he shall be ready to answer.

Before the ways and means committee, Friday, John C. Schumaker testified that in 1872 he received a check for \$275,000 from a client in confidential relations, which check was signed by Richard B. Irwin.

The New York Chamber of Commerce on Thursday instructed the special committee on railway and canal transportation to prepare an amendment to the State constitution, authorizing the Governor to appoint a canal superintendent who shall have sole management of the canals.

Over \$300,000 in legal tenders and fractional currency, and \$400,000 in new national bank notes, besides many important packages for the different departments of the government, were burned Friday by the collision and fire on the Baltimore and Potomac railroad.

Archbishop Perche, Bishop Wilbur, the Rev. Dr. Gutheim and other representatives of the different churches, the bank presidents and cashiers, the Board of Underwriters, and the City Council have published protests denouncing Sheridan's despatches as false and slanderous in every particular.

The President and Secretary of War approve of General Sheridan's course in New Orleans.

On Friday the Senate adopted a resolution requiring information of the President with regard to the Louisiana affairs.

On Friday the jury in the Tilton-Beecher case was completed and sworn after several jurors had been peremptorily challenged.

The Intercollegiate Literary Association decided to add to the number of contests next year.

The suspension of mining operations in Pennsylvania has become general. In the Pacific Mail investigation, Saturday, Charles Albert refused to state to whom he had disbursed the \$106,000 received from Richard B. Irwin. John G. Schumaker stated that of the \$275,000 received by him, he had paid \$50,000 to General Smith, and \$215,000 had been left with the Brooklyn Trust Company, and by it to the Pacific Mail Company's office.

The United States Senate passed the Naval Appropriation bill, which appropriates a little over \$16,000,000.

Valmaseda has been tendered the office of Captain General of Cuba, and will accept, if granted, 20,000 reinforcements. He will propose a plan for the gradual emancipation of the slaves of the island.

San Domingo has ratified a treaty with Hayti.

Great damage has been done at Cape Town, Africa, by a terrific storm and disastrous floods.

The anniversary of the death of ex-Emperor Napoleon was celebrated in Paris and London.

King Alfonso arrived at Barcelona, Saturday, and was welcomed by the people. Isabella has been invited to take up her residence in Barcelona.

Wardell Phillips has addressed a letter to the Secretary of War indorsing the President's policy on Louisiana affairs.

The opening speech for the plaintiff in the case of Tilton vs. Beecher was begun on Monday, in the Brooklyn City Court, by Mr. Morris. The case of the plaintiff is expected to rest principally on the letters and so-called "apology" of Mr. Beecher.

Don Carlos has determined to carry on his war, notwithstanding the restoration of the Spanish Monarchy.

An immense mass meeting was held at Cooper Institute, New York, on Monday night, to protest against the Louisiana outrage. The speakers were Mayor Wickham, William Cullen Bryant, William M. Everts, James S. Thayer, Win. E. Dodge, George T. Curtis, ex-Governor Salomon, and others. A mass meeting was also organized outside.

At a regular meeting of the Mexico Grange, held on Tuesday evening of last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Master, Newton Hall; Overseer, Frank G. Smith; Steward, Sardius Gray; Assistant Steward, Edwin R. Everts; Lady Assistant Steward, Mrs. A. L. Sampson; Chaplain, Ira Hosiord; Treasurer, Vreder Green; Secretary, A. L. Sampson; Gate-keeper, Anson Cook; Cows, Mrs. A. D. Everts; Pamina, Mrs. W. A. Ball; Flora, Mrs. F. G. Smith.

The Grange is rapidly increasing in numbers, and is in a very prosperous condition.

A half barrel of apple-butter from Fulton was expressed over the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, addressed to "Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, Buckingham Palace, England."

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

The Journal for 1875,

BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT.

WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE. BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.



—Sweets for the ill-tempered—Tart sayings.  
—Ministers of the interior—The cook and the doctor.  
—Where do wall flowers grow? On a party wall, of course.  
—Eugenie has a sewing machine, and does all her plain sewing.  
—Feather beds are not a protection from lightning, but they are from cold.  
—When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

—"What'll you ask to warrant these horses good?" asked a buyer of a horse dealer. "O, don't trouble yourself, I'll warrant them good for nothing," was the reply.

—A Mrs. Canfield, of Bridgewater, Mass., has a daughter eight weeks old that weighs only two pounds and a quarter, its weight at birth being a pound and a half. It is perfectly formed, but its mouth is so small that it has to be fed by means of special apparatus.

—A canal of twenty-three miles was wanted in China in 1825. Only six weeks were given in which to dig it, though it went through great forests and over extensive marshes. Twenty thousand workmen upon it night and day, and over 7,000 died of fatigue.

—A Boston woman has for some time had as her only companions in her house nineteen dogs from three months to five years old, but she does not seem to have treated them very well, for three have just died, and the Society for the Prevention, &c., finding the others sick and emaciated, has killed three more.

—A railroad train in Michigan broke down recently, and the passengers alighted. Among them was an old gentleman, who, to fill up the time, wandered off to an adjacent house. There he encountered an old flame of his, whom he had not seen for years. The old flame was soon rekindled, and within a few days the couple were married.

—The warden of the Oregon penitentiary has discharged the prison doctor, and detailed one of the convicts, who is an educated physician, to perform the duties. The warden claims that thereby he saves \$1,500 a year to the State, and besides is sure that the physician will "always be within reach when needed."

—A Nevada audience dislikes to be disappointed. Three thousand persons gathered to see a murderer hanged at Carson, and their enjoyment was spoiled by a reprieve from the Governor. That night a party of miners, who had walked ten miles to witness the execution, caught a horse thief and hanged him to a tree.

—A female Justice of Wyoming was married last week, and, true to her professional training, she previously notified her friends to be present by a printed form as follows: "I am about to marry Mr. J—D—, of this county, and he will be qualified and sworn in at my office on Wednesday morning next, at 10 o'clock. You are invited to attend."

—"Papa is dead!" suddenly exclaimed the little daughter of Mr. Jones, a surveyor in the Nova Scotia Government employ, the other day. The mother rushed the child, but in a few minutes the little one repeated the words emphatically. During the same day intelligence came that the father had been drowned while attempting to cross a small lake on the ice.

—A horse thirty-five years old has been retired from active service in Lebanon county, Pennsylvania. He is a veteran of the rebellion, in which he was under fire in nine battles and was twice wounded. His last hurt was from a bullet in his leg, and it caused a lameness, from which he has never quite recovered. After the war he settled down in civil life as a family carriage horse, and was much respected for trustworthiness and amiability. He now enjoys a pension of four quarts of oats and as much cut feed as he wants every day, and can be as lazy as he pleases.

—The son of a devout old Scotch clergyman having married without his father's approbation, the old man took occasion in the very first family gathering when the bride and groom were present to insert his opinion of the affair in the midst of a prayer in this wise: "Thou hast added, O Lord, to our family. So has been Thy will, it is never has been mine. But if it is a Thee, do Thou bless the connection. But, if the file hath done it out of carnal desire, against a reason and credit, may the could rain of adversity settle in his habitation."

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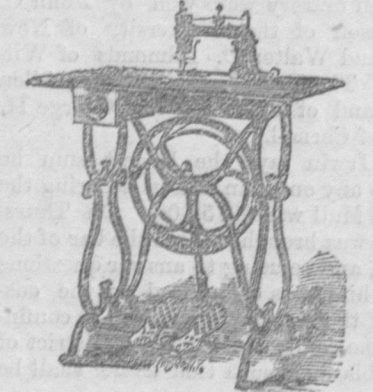
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